MERRIMACK MAGAZINE AND LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EV'RY CHARM T' IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 20.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1805. [Vol. I.

Miscellaneous Selections.

"*Various*, that the mind—studious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

METHOD OF READING, FOR FEMALE IMPROVEMENT.

IN A LETTER TO A LADY.

MADAM,

CONFORMABLE to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on the method of reading; which you would have had sooner, only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure hours. I have complied with your request in both these particulars; so that you see, Madam, how absolute your commands are over me. If my remarks should answer your expectations, and the purpose for which they were intended; if they should in the least conduce to the spending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally do, it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that which you will receive.

It were to be wished that the female part of the creation, on whom Nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the cultivating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conspire to produce for their embellishment, but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour; for there is good sense in dress, as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! But I am sure, Madam, you know there is—You practice it.

The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. I would throw the subjects of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant, under the following heads.

HISTORY—MORALITY—POETRY.

The first employs the memory; the second, the judgment; and the third, the imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read History, make a small abstract of the memorable events; and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and the place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books of Morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should he read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse, so reading being, as it were, a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we have most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now, in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of morality, I would advise you to mark with a pencil whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the forementioned books, or any others which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which with many passes for sublime; for smooth verses which run off the ear with an easy cadence, and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense upon the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised they could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view besides that of killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

The task you have imposed on me, is a strong proof of your knowing the true value of of time, and always having improved it to the best advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

As for my part, Madam, you have done me too much honor, by singling me out from all your acquaintance on this occasion, to say any thing that would not look like flattery; you yourself would think it so, were I to do you the common justice all your friends allow you: I must therefore be silent on this head, and only say, that I shall think myself well rewarded in return, if you will believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, as I really am, Madam, your faithful humble servant,

I. SCHOMBERG.

PICTURE OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is the highest exercise and improvement of reason, the integrity, the harmony, and just balance of affection; the health, strength, and beauty of the mind. The perfection of Virtue is to give reason free scope; to obey the authority of conscience with alacrity; to exercise the defensive passions with fortitude; the private with temperance; the public with justice; and all of them with prudence; that is, in a due proportion to each other, and an entire subserviency to a

calm diffusive benevolence; to adore and love God with a disinterested and unrivalled affection; and to acquiesce in his providence with a joyful resignation. Every approach to this standard is an approach to pertection and happiness; and every deviation from it, a deviation to vice and misery.

REFLECTIONS.

SENSIBLE objects, which are any way connected with an absent or departed friend, impress their idea more forcibly on our minds, than bare reflections can; and then, like the effect of the moon on the sea, they create a fulness of sorrow or tenderness, which can only be relieved by flowing from our eyes.

If people would but think a little, in the temperate and rational way, upon many occasions in life, most of the murmurings and jealousies among friends, neighbours, and relations, would soon subside. A criminal under sentence, laments his fate, without resentment against the jury who had condemned him to suffer, conformable to justice——and shall men become more unreasonable, upon less severe trials?

THE SUN AND MOON.

FROM astronomical observations made on the planet Venus, in its transit over the sun's disc, in the years 1761 and 1769, it was ascertained to a considerable degree of certainty, that the sun's distance from the earth is 95,000,000 miles. It is presumed, that the results of these observations may be depended on, since there are other circumstances which prove, that the distance, just mentioned, is not far from the truth. Of the amazing magnitude of this luminary we may form some idea, when we consider, that the earth, seen at such a distance, would dwindle into the humble aspect of a solitary star, and whose distinction would scarcely be perceived, among the innumerable worlds which float in the bosom of the skies. There are many undeniable facts which prove, that the sun's dimensions vastly exceed those of the earth, since the shadow projected by the latter, is found to possess a conical form, and end in a point at some distance from the earth, which could not possibly be the case, if the earth was larger, or even equal to the sun. In the latter case, the shadow would be a perfect cylinder, which is contrary to fact. It is also certain, that the moon is less than the earth; for if she were not, she never could be entirely deprived of her light, as she now is, in total eclipses of her body. But this circumstance proves, that her magnitude is not equal to the shadow which deprives her of her beams.

Diversity.

A DISCONTENTED HUSBAND CURED.

THERE was a man of so bad a temper, that his wife, although she behaved to him with the utmost attention and affection, had never once pleased him since their marriage; he made a point of contradicting whatever she said; in short, would contend that black was white.

He went out one day, and passing the market, bought a very fine pike, which he desired might be sent home, with directions to his wife to have it dressed for dinner. The servant took in the fish, and informed her mistress of it, who immediately asked if any directions had been left, how it was to be dressed. The servant replied, that her master had sent no other message than that he should dine at home that day. "Good heaven," exclaimed the mistress, "what is to be done? if we wait his return, he will be enraged to find that nothing is prepared: If I boil it, he will prefer it roasted—if I roast it, he likes it better stewed—if I stew it, it should have been fried—and if I fry it, he always eats it fricassied! so what can I do to avert his ill-will and anger?" "Oh," said the servant, "a thought has just struck me. As the pike is a very large one, cut it into five pieces, and dress each in a different manner."

This singular scheme was put in execution, and succeeded so well, that the husband on his return, was so thoroughly convinced of his wife's great desire to please him, that, having for once discovered the valuable secret of contentment, and witnessed his wife's peculiar good and his own ill-nature, he was from that time so softened in disposition, by her continued attention, that they seldom had any dispute.

THE SPECTACLES.

THE late general B—— going post to Ireland, on some extraordinary business that would not permit the incumbrance of a retinue, stopped at an inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of ducks which he saw ready at the kitchen fire, up to the table. The general's desire had been just complied with, when some country buck's came in, hungry as hawks, after a morning's sport. They eagerly enquired what could be had to eat: like a true boniface the landlord enumerated what he had not, to apologize for what he had; and among other things, mentioned the ducks, which had been only a moment before served up for the Irish gentleman's dinner—*Irish jontleman!* gibingly exclaimed one of the chagrined group, "I'll lay fifty to five, the fellow does not know B from a bull's foot. Here, waiter, take my watch up to the *Jontleman* and present my compliments to him, and request him to tell me what o'clock it is."

The general heard the message, took the watch, and with great temper returned his respects, with an assurance, that as soon as he had dined he would endeavor to satisfy the enquiry. The bucks, chuckling at the embarrassment they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into, sat down to regale themselves on whatever they could; but their jollity was presently disturbed by the entrance of a military figure, who, with that politeness which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced towards the table where they were seated, and presenting the watch, said,—"Gentlemen, I wish to know its owner, as from a message sent me a little while ago, I presume he is SHORT SIGHTED and have brought him this PAIR OF SPECTACLES," pointing to a case of large pistols he held under his arm, "to remedy his defect." Joke was gone—the bucks were silent. The general deliberately put the watch into his fob, with a declaration that secured it to him forever. 'Gentlemen," said he, "I am sorry for intruding, as I find the *owner* is not among you, whenever he claims it he shall have it, but never *without a trial of the spectacles*."

THE SOW AND PIG.

A certain bishop being at court, and observing a lady, who was very corpulent, talking to the late Princess Dowager of Wales, and at the other end of the room a very genteel youth, both of whom were utter strangers to him, he addressed himself to the young gentleman, and, with an insinuating air, after some compliments, asked him *if he knew who that fat sow was who was in discourse with her royal highness.* —"*Yes, my lord,*" replied the youth, with great modesty, "*that* FAT SOW *is the ambassadress of Sweden, and mother to the* LITTLE PIG *who has the honour to speak to your lordship.*"

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

AN opinion which Dean Swift had entertained of that wretchedness, which would overtake him towards the close of life, by the failure of his intellects, clouded his mind with the most gloomy ideas, and tinged every object around him.

One time, on a journey, the Dean rode before his company, made a sudden stop, dismounted his horse, fell on his knees, lifted up his hands, and prayed in the most fervent manner. When the company came up, he insisted on their alighting, which they did, and asked him the meaning of his conduct. "Gentlemen," said he, "pray join your hearts in fervent prayer with mine, that I may not be like

that Oak tree, which is decayed at TOP, whilst the other parts are sound."

COMMUNICATED

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

LOVE, hope, and even fear, ought by turns to agitate the human breaſt, to prevent our days from paſſing over in an inſipid uniformity. It is to eſcape this inſipidity, ſo inſupportable to human nature, that man employs himſelf in a thouſand trifles, a thouſand follies. One plays at cheſs; one builds houſes; one learns to warble like birds, another to decypher muſic. This man learns to cultivate flowers, that to write books, &c.

Theſe various means to eſcape ennui, had nothing to captivate my fancy. In examining the different intereſts which aroſe to my view, I found that which alone had power to attach me to life, and make it valuable, were the extatic ties of huſband and father. Celibacy never made a part of my ſchemes of happineſs. I loved in good earneſt; my vows were always ſincere and honorable, as I only aſpired to be a good huſband, or a good father of a family. I have been in love ſeven times—is not that enough? and is it not unfortunate that I have not found a wife? —Ah! my friend, my firſt affections alone have power to make my tears flow! A gentle, innocent girl, who was to me moſt lovely, was my firſt love! She returned my paſſion with as much affection. Death only had power to ſnatch her from me. She died, and I was near following her. I ſhall always remember that amiable creature.

After ſome years of grief and indifference, a very ſmart, pretty fair one animated my boſom; I exerted all my aſſiduities to pleaſe her, and with kindneſs ſhe caſt down her eyes and bluſhed, with a thoughtful air. This is the who is to be the companion of my life, thought I, with tranſport, and I diſcloſed to her my paſſion; ſhe interrupted my firſt words, by aſſuring me of her tender friendſhip, of which ſhe was about to give me a proof. She then told me in confidence, that ſhe had a long time been ſtrongly attached to a young man, and never would marry any other than him. In thus renouncing my tender and pretty fair one, I did not renounce the hope of being one day happy in marriage.

The third time, I offered myſelf to a young lady who was beautiful as an angel. She received my vows with expreſſions of eſteem, but ſhe conſidered them as the homage due to her charms. She was proud of her beauty and wit, and, conſidering it beneath her to ſacrifice them to one man only, thought only of multiplying her conqueſts. When I merely talk'd of love, ſhe willingly heard me, but when I pronounced the word *marriage*, I was repulſed. I left her and went home, much mortified by her refuſal: but, as I had been more dazzled by her charms, than touched by her character, I felt more reſentment than grief.

Nothing is more ſuffocating than anger and vexation; I opened my window to get air, and my eyes were mechanically caſt upon the ſtreet. In that moment, a young brunette, neat and ſmart, croſſed it. I recollected to have ſeen her before, but ſhe had never attracted my attention; the general elegance of her air ſtruck me, and, as a flaſh of lightning, it occurred to my mind to avenge myſelf on the haughty fair laſt mentioned, by paying my court to this young perſon. This ſuggeſtion quickly ripened into a ſettled project, and, as uſual, was combined with the idea of marriage, which ſtill more embelliſhed, in my eyes, the object of my new flame. I found means to introduce myſelf at her houſe; I followed her with aſſiduity; I ſuffered no opportunity to eſcape to make known my ſentiments to her, when ſuddenly her parents ſaid to me, that my frequent viſits at their houſe did them honour; they begged I would continue them, and always a friend to the family, but they believed they ought to appriſe me that their daughter had been long before promiſed to a very rich man of the next town; that his arrival was expected, and they beſought me as a friend not to offer him any offence. My young friend gave me to underſtand that ſhe would willingly have preferred me, but that ſhe muſt obey. He was handſome, he was amiable, and I ſoon found the young brunette obeyed without reluctance.

You may eaſily imagine that I became timid and ſuſpicious after all theſe diſappointments; hardly dare I look at a woman, leſt I ſhould become enamoured; but the diſeaſe quickly baniſhed my fears. I became again in love, and this time ſeriouſly ſo. I loved with paſſion, but with ſuch diffidence that I dared not avow my ſentiments to her who had inſpired them. I regularly paſſed three times a day before her windows, and when ſhe appeared I bowed with the moſt tender and reſpectful air, almoſt touching the ground with my hat. During ſome days ſhe appeared there more frequently, and I even remarked that when ſhe ſaw me at a diſtance, ſhe fixed herſelf in her balcony, and anſwered my ſalutations with a ſweet ſmile. I was overwhelmed with joy, and employed my thoughts on the means of making myſelf known to her, when one day that I paſſed, as uſual, before her houſe, and was walking ſlowly to prolong the pleaſure of being near her, I heard her burſt into a fit of laughter and ſay, "Come, I pray, my dear friend, and look at this cringing fellow; he is of all beings on earth the moſt ridiculous." A young man approached her, and paſſing his arms round her waiſt, laughed heartily with her as their eyes followed me.

I withdrew much ſooner than I went, and ſoon learned that the young man had become her huſband two days before. This melancholy adventure, which ought to have humbled me, on the contrary, ſuddenly renewed my courage. I reſolved to be no longer the dupe of my own feelings, and to marry coſt what it would. I went to an aſſembly of young perſons, and addreſſed myſelf to her who pleaſed me moſt. I aſked permiſſion to ſpeak to her in private—ſhe granted my requeſt, and the next day I went to her houſe. "Are you at liberty?" ſaid I, entering. "Yes," ſaid ſhe, "abſolutely free." "Will you accept of my heart and hand?" "Both, moſt willingly," ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, and extending hers. From that moment I conſidered myſelf married; but this engagement, ſuddenly formed, was as ſuddenly diſſolved. It would be too tedious to give particulars; in ſhort, ſhe was unfaithful.

I then made a ſeventh choice, which was more wiſe and reaſonable; a charming young girl, well educated, and who had never been in love.—This time no one could accuſe me of too much precipitation. I carefully watched all her ſteps, all her actions, and all her intentions, without making any declaration. I hoped inceſſantly. I was as yet only in the fourth year of my vigilance and obſervation, when, in the moment I leaſt expected, ſhe was carried off by a young man who knew her only four days. This ſhall be my laſt trial, ſaid I—I can no more reſolve to begin new amours; I ſtill love the ladies, but this ſentiment is accompanied with ſuch timidity that I cannot again venture to ſpeak to them.

A GRAMMATICAL EPISTLE.

To Miss SALLY SYNTAX.

MADAM,

AMONGST the *numeral propoſitions* towards a matrimonial *union* with your amiable *perſon*, I hope you will not *decline* the *interjection* of my preliminary pretences. I ſhould not wiſh to be a mere *noun adjective* to you in all *caſes*, but I *poſitively* declare, that *comparatively* ſpeaking, I ſhould be *ſuperlatively* happy to agree with you in the *ſubjunctive mood*. I truſt you will not opiniate me *ſingular*, for deſiring to have the *plural* in my family; I ſhall fabricate no *verbal* oration to prove how much I long to have your affections in *common of two*; but I preſume that in caſe of a *conjunction copulative*, you will uſe no *indicative* ſolicitation to be in the *imperative mood*, as I am determined to be in the *potential active*, while you are in the *future paſſive*, or in the *ſupine*; for it is the *optative* of my ſoul to become your *relative*, by the *antecedent* of *regular conjugation*, as this alone can conſtitute a *lawful concord* with the *feminine gender*, and affords us a *participle* of *ſubſtantive* happineſs. Every *article poſſeſſive* or *genitive* ſhall become a *dative tranſlation* to you; nothing ſhall be *accuſative* againſt your *government*; and your ſweet *nominative* without a *pronoun* or even an *adverb* ſhall be my *vocative* till death the great *ablative* of all living, by the *gradual declenſion* of our corporeal nature, puts a *final termination* to the *preſent tenſe*, and time thro' an *infinite progreſſion* of ages, may render us *preterperfect* in the *future tenſe*; in the interim, my *principal part of ſpeech* in its *primitive* or *derivative extenſion* is, to the end, that you may put the moſt charitable *conſtruction* on this *ſimple propoſition*, and that your *definitive reſolution* may be conſonant to the wiſhes of your very *indeclinable* lover, MICHAEL DE MARIBUS.

TRIBUTARY.

Obituary Notice, from the Herald of yeſterday.

DIED, on Tueſday morning, very ſuddenly, Mr. *JOSEPH GREENLEAF*, Æt. 33; for ſeveral years an uſeful and much eſteemed ſchoolmaſter in this town and vicinity. From his early years he had been ſubject to frequent, and ſometimes diſtreſſing indiſpoſition, his ſlender conſtitution being unable to bear the common fatigues incident to men; yet his amiable diſpoſition would not allow him to be inactive and uſeleſs. He early in life qualified himſelf for the inſtruction of youth, and perſevered in attention to his arduous taſk under bodily indiſpoſitions which would have confined moſt others, or rendered them peeviſh and ſevere; but his mildneſs, tempered with a kind of parental authority, excited the emulation, while it ſecured to him the almoſt filial regards of his ſcholars.

On the cry of fire, on Tueſday morning, he aroſe to go out, and anſwered to the ſolitatations of his wife not to go—that he muſt—perhaps he might be the means of relieving ſome in diſtreſs; —he had not, however, gone more than a hundred rods when he turned to a perſon near and begged him to call a phyſician, for he was very unwell, and returned home—where he fell into the door, and immediately expired.

His death is a public loſs—but how diſtreſſing to an affectionate wife, who with a young child are thus ſuddenly deprived, in the hour of alarm, of their neareſt friend, can be better conceived than expreſſed. It is, however, a conſoling reflection to his bereaved friends, that his habitual temper, diſpoſition, and courſe of life, while here, afford good evidence of his actual readineſs for a better world.

Poetry.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

ON SPRING.

SWEET *Spring* in triumph now resumes her reign,
And dries the mead, the forest, field, and plain;
See life again from teeming nature spring,
Each flower revives, each bird is on the wing.
From shadows long and Winter's dismal storms,
The sun beams forth, again earth's surface warms;
No shrub, no vine, but feels the genial rays,
A new creation nature now displays.

Emblem of that blest'd state, where pure, refin'd,
Departed saints shall in full glory shine;
Rising from earth's cold clods, long buried there,
With new delight their native forms shall wear;
Increasing still with radiance divine,
No Winter there to blast, nor no decline,
Not so the beauties which the Spring display,
Brought to perfection soon, they soon decay,
And quick as thought the season rolls away.

FIDELIA.

CRUELTY TO BRUTES.

BY COWPER.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
(Tho' grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermine, loathsome to the sight,
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visiter unwelcome into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die.
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field;
There they are privileg'd. And he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong;
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode,
The sum is this; if man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs,
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sov'reign wisdom, made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd, in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.

EPITAPH ON AN HONEST LAWYER.

THE Lord works wonders now and then,
Here lies a Lawyer an honest man.

THE FAREWELL.

ONCE more, enchanting girl, adieu!
I must be gone while yet I may;
Oft shall I weep to think of you—
But here I will not, cannot stay!

The sweet expression of that face,
Forever changing, yet the same:
Ah, no; I dare not turn to trace—
It fires my soul, it melts my frame!

Yet give me, give me ere I go,
One little lock of those so blest,
That lend your cheek a warmer glow,
And on your white neck love to rest!

Say when, to kindle soft delight,
That hand has chanc'd with mine to meet,
How could its thrilling touch excite,
A sigh so short, and yet so sweet!

Oh, say——but no——it cannot be,
Adieu—enchanting girl, adieu!
Yet still methinks you frown on me—
Oh! never could I fly from you!

Once more, enchanting girl, ADIEU!
I must be gone while yet I may;
Oft shall I weep to think of you—
But here I will not, *cannot* stay!

AN ADDRESS TO A FOND MOTHER.

SAY, while you press with glowing love,
The darling to your breast,
And all a mother's pleasures prove,
Are you entirely blest?

Ah, no! a thousand tender cares
By turns your thoughts employ?
Now rising hopes, now anxious fears,
And grief succeeds to joy.

Dear innocent, its lovely smiles,
With what delight you view!
But every pain the infant feels,
The mother feels it too.

Then whispers busy cruel fear,
The child, alas, may die!
And nature prompts the ready tear,
And heaves the rising sigh.

Say, does not heaven our comforts mix
With more than equal pain;
To teach us, if our hearts we fix
On earth, we fix in vain?

Then be our earthly joys resign'd,
Since here we cannot rest;
For earthly joys were ne'er design'd
To make us fully blest.

RICHES AND LEARNING.

SOME say that riches are better than learning.
For they will find payment for victuals and raiment,
And keep a good fire in your kitchen a burning.

Now some say that learning is better than riches;
That when money has vanish'd, and friendship is banish'd,
Midst all your misfortune, still learning bewitches.

As for me, I have neither, and so I may chatter,
And bother the hearer, without being nearer,
Or knowing a particle more of the matter.

But I must observe one thing, which seems rather funny,
That those who have learning, are so far from spurning,
That they like to pay court to the men who have money.

EPIGRAM.

NOL MARTEXT, who never the pulpit cou'd grace,
As he warp'd ev'ry text quite out of its place,
'Stead of "*Hebrews the Tenth and Twelfth*," right announcing,
"*He Brews Ten and Twelve*," was his mode of pronouncing;
"*He Brews Ten and Twelve*," then repeating once more,
An old drowsy toper, whose nap was just o'er,
Rubb'd his eyes and roar'd out, "ten and twelve Master Vicar?
Two or three bushels more, and he'd *brew* humming liquor!"

CONFLAGRATION.

On Tuesday morning last, about 4 o'clock, the inhabitants of this town were alarmed by the cry of fire, which proved to be at the Iron Works in Amesbury. The buildings consumed were two smiths' shops, a grist-mill, and the nail factories; together with about 300 cords of wood. It is supposed 40,000 dollars would repair the loss.

Grateful Tribute to deserved Merit.

THE Inhabitants of Amesbury and Salisbury Mills feel themselves under unspeakable obligations to their distant fellow-townsmen, the citizens of the neighboring towns, and the fire-wards, enginemen, and citizens of Newbury and Newburyport in particular, for their unparalleled exertions at the extensive and very threatening conflagration on the morning of the twentyfourth instant, and beg their acceptance of their unfeigned thanks, as a testimony of their great obligations and high consideration.

Done at a full meeting of the Inhabitants, by their unanimous vote.

JONATHAN IRELAND, Clerk.

Dec. 25, 1805.

Hymeneal.

'Delightful state! to whom alone is given,
'On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven.

MARRIED]—In Portsmouth, Capt. Seth Walker, to Miss Eliza Tripe.—Mr. James Chick, to Miss Bathsheba Frye.—Mr. Henry More, to Miss Mary Howe.

Obituary.

'Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,
'Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!'

DIED]—In Loudon, N.H. Miss Olive Osgood, aged 20.——In Salisbury, N. H. Mrs. Abigail Haddock, consort of Wm. H.—In Taunton, Miss Nancy Swift, aged 19.——In Cambridge, Mrs. Ruth Freeman, aged 72.——In Salem, Mrs. Lydia Smith.——In Kittery, Mrs. Marcy Adams, aged 69.——In Portsmouth, Mrs. Sarah Perkins, aged 20.

In Saco, Widow Mary Haley, aged 88.
She had 11 children,
31 grand-children,
97 great-grand-children, and
1 of the 4th generation.—Total 140.

In Exeter, suddenly, on Monday evening last, Col. John Dennet.

In this town, Sally, daughter of Mr. John Wells, aged 5 yrs. A child of Mr. Jacob Hale.

Yesterday, Mr. James Runnels, ad mate of the ship Argo, lying at a wharf at the north part of this town, fell from her chains, and it is supposed was killed by the fall, before he reached the water, as he did not sink.

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A Sermon, preached at the ordination of the Rev. TIMOTHY CLARK, to the pastoral care of the church of Christ, in Greenfield, Jan. 1, 1800:—*By the Rev. ASA BURTON, A. M. Pastor of the Church of Christ in Thetford.*
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